First Love

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by rosiex

Summary

In which Jeongguk meets up with his brother, and Jeongguk and Yoongi realise just how strong their feelings are for each other.

(I think we all know where this is going)

Seriously, so much fluff and smut coming your way.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jeongguk closes the front door behind him, glad of the coolness of the house compared to the warmth outside. The house initially seems quiet for the middle of the day but he then hears some noise from the kitchen and goes to investigate. He steps inside and his mouth immediately widens into a smile. Yoongi's standing over at the sink, the tap running as he rinses out the bowl in his hand. Jeongguk wonders idly if he'll ever stop getting that reaction upon spotting him; whether he will lose that feeling of somehow feeling lighter just from seeing the elder.

"Hey," Jeongguk greets.

Yoongi twists his neck to look at Jeongguk from over his shoulder, his face seeming to brighten too, and it still does something funny to Jeongguk to know that the way Yoongi makes him feel isn't one sided.

"Hey," he smiles back before turning to face the sink again.

Jeongguk unzips his hoodie and drops his gym bag by the doorway. He walks over to Yoongi, reaching him just he switches off the tap. Before Yoongi has a chance to turn around Jeongguk's wrapping his arms round his waist, lips pressing to the side of Yoongi's neck. Jeongguk tightens his arms in a brief squeeze and nudges his nose the spot just below Yoongi's ear, just taking a few seconds to savour the moment.

It's nice, really nice, to be able to to act like this around Yoongi and not have to listen out constantly for the sound of footsteps or other voices. Being open with the other members has lifted a huge weight off of both of them, one Jeongguk didn't necessarily realise he was carrying quite so heavily. It's not like since being accepted by the others they've been making out all over the place or cuddling on the couch every night - nothing like that.

It's more that the fear has been removed; fear of being caught, of what the members might think. They might not be pushing their relationship in everyone's faces but just being able to be open about what they mean to each other is so refreshing that Jeongguk feels ridiculously happy about it all.

Sure, there have been a couple of instances over the last few weeks that have received wide eyed stares and a certain awkwardness. Seokjin, Namjoon and Hoseok are all incredibly accepting but still very unused to seeing them as a couple. The time that Jeongguk's

fingers laced with Yoongi's while they were watching television one night, an action that he did without thinking, and the time that Yoongi automatically kissed Jeongguk on the cheek in greeting after he'd had a long night in the studio and his brain was more fatigued than usual. Not having to worry about others catching such moments though really makes so much difference. In fact, seeing their flustered reactions is rather amusing, but regardless they don't push it. Jeongguk knows it's all very new to them still.

"How was the gym?" Yoongi asks as he turns around, his hands lifting to hold onto the front of Jeongguk's hoodie.

Jeongguk gives a small positive murmur, arms caging Yoongi on either side as he rests his hands on the counter. "Tiring. Much prefer getting all hot and sweaty with you," he smirks.

Yoongi groans and tips his head forward, burying his face into Jeongguk's shoulder out of embarrassment from the corny line.

"Ouch, that was painful," Yoongi laughs, pulling back his head but slipping his hands under Jeongguk's hoodie, resting them on his back.

When he looks up at Jeongguk his lips are pressed together, obviously trying to hold back a larger smile although his eyes give away his amusement from how they crinkle at the corners. Jeongguk smiles too, always finding it impossible not to reflect one back at Yoongi. One of his hands leaves the counter, resting instead on Yoongi's hip and rubbing lightly over the material of his shirt.

"That was a great line," Jeongguk teases. "You know you can't resist."

Yoongi makes a loud, dismissive noise. "You're lucky I don't call this off right now to be honest."

Whatever playful threat is in Yoongi's words is made null and void by the fact that he follows it by leaning up and bringing his lips to Jeongguk's. In contrast to the jokey, teasing nature of their conversation the kiss is soft and sweet. Even after Yoongi's tongue finds its way into Jeongguk's mouth it stays slow and tender, and Jeongguk gets that familiar feeling like his heart might just explode out of his chest.

His hand grips a little tighter on Yoongi's hip, bringing their bodies closer together as Yoongi's hands slide further up his back beneath his hoodie. He can taste the lingering spice of whatever Yoongi has eaten for lunch on his tongue but there's that distinct taste that is purely

Yoongi too and Jeongguk can never get enough.

"Seems to me as though you kind of like my lines," Jeongguk tells him, pulling back just enough to speak.

"Whatever you choose to believe baby," Yoongi murmurs, smiling against his lips before claiming them in a kiss once again. A kiss that unfortunately is cut off way too soon.

"Suddenly I'm not that hungry anymore."

They quickly break apart, both their heads whipping round to see Hoseok and Taehyung standing in the doorway to the kitchen. Hoseok's got a look on his face that he's worn a few times recently, caught painfully between overwhelming happiness for his friends and mild confusion at witnessing them being overtly coupley, like he doesn't quite recognise them. Taehyung's just grinning like the cat that's got *all* the fucking cream.

"*Baby,* hey," he smirks devilishly. "Never had you down for a pet name kinda guy, hyung. How sweet."

Taehyung looks like he might dine off this new found information for a long time to come. Hoseok's looking like he wishes he never stepped foot into the kitchen. Jeongguk feels kind of bad as he knows what he says next will take the misery up a notch but well, he can't resist an opportunity to get one up on Taehyung.

"Oh, you should hear the names I have for Yoongi," Jeongguk replies, wiggling his eyebrows salaciously. "But they're only for the bedroom."

He of course has no names for Yoongi but that's irrelevant. His comment is worth it to see the horror-struck look on their faces as an array of possible filthy nicknames clearly start whirring through both their minds. Jeongguk hears Yoongi snicker next to him, impressed by Jeongguk's quick retort.

"Oh god*,* forget about this lunch, you've put me off my food for the next *year*," Hoseok grimaces.

"You'll survive," Taehyung sighs, rolling his eyes amicably. "Come on hyung, I'm hungry."

Jeongguk joins the two of them for lunch, not realising quite how starving he is until food had been mentioned. Yoongi excuses himself in order to go and sort out some bits for a meeting he has later. The

lunch is nice, relaxed, and Jeongguk relishes the chance to spend some down time with the pair. It's been so hectic over the last few weeks with practice and filmings and interviews to build up anticipation for both the Festa and the tour that times like these are becoming much more rare at the moment.

By the time he falls into bed that night tiredness has fully seeped into Jeongguk's bones and he sinks easily into the mattress, nestling in contentedly beneath the covers. He checks his phone for any messages, taking a few minutes to scroll through his notifications and catch up on his chats. As he's doing so a message comes through from Yoongi.

Yoongi:

so

do I get to know what these names are that you have for me?

Jeongguk grins to himself, a tiny burst of energy travelling through him from the message. He quickly types out a reply.

Jeongguk:

oh I couldn't possibly say

Yoongi:

go on

Jeongguk:

my little princess

Yoongi:

what

you can fuck off with that nonsense

Jeongguk snorts at the blunt response, his attempt to wind up Yoongi clearly working well. He can picture Yoongi's death glare so vividly that it of course makes him continue.

Jeongguk:

do you not like it

I'm hurt

Yoongi:

there is to be no 'little' in any name referring to me

Jeongguk:

...

but princess is fine?

Yoongi:

I will kill you

Jeongguk:

I mean that's not exactly a no...

Yoongi:

yes it is

it is the world's biggest no

Jeongguk:

ok fine

so not small

and not girly

...

...

big daddy?

Yoongi:

good fucking night

Jeongguk just presses his face into his pillow and cackles.

*

He combs a hand through his hair one more time before deciding it's as good as it's going to get. Jeongguk wanders out of his bedroom, checking that he's got his phone and wallet before heading to Taehyung and Jimin's room. He knocks lightly, soon being beckoned in by Jimin.

He walks in. The pair of them are curled up on Taehyung's bed, Taehyung leaning against the headboard whilst Jimin slouches in front of him, his back to Taehyung's chest. Jimin's legs are stretched out in front of him, his tablet propped up on his knees with a show playing quietly on it.

It makes Jeongguk a little bitter sometimes that they can so easily sit around like this and no one would even comment on it, the two of them always so touchy-feely with each other. If he and Yoongi even sat like that now they'd surely get comments, let alone before they actually made their relationship common knowledge. He tries not to hold it against them, especially when Jimin looks as overwhelmingly happy as he does right now. He's sure Taehyung would look the same if he was actually awake. Clearly the busy days have got to him, his head lolled to the side as he dozes.

"Hey Kook," Jimin smiles as Jeongguk wanders in. "Excited to see your brother?"

"Yeah, it'll be nice," Jeongguk tells him, sitting down on the bed opposite them. Jimin places the tablet down on the bed beside him.

In all honesty it's a rare evening full of absolutely nothing and Jeongguk would kind of just like to spend it resting. The hectic schedule has been taking a toll on all of them recently and an evening sleeping until dawn sounds pretty good right now. If Yoongi happened to be in the bed with him too, even better. Jeongguk's not sure if it's a sign of being at a certain stage in their relationship when he's daydreaming about falling asleep with Yoongi instead of having sex with him (though he of course would not say no to the latter). He's totally blaming it on the schedule.

"Does he, uh- does he know about you and Yoongi?" Jimin asks tentatively.

Jeongguk shakes his head and Jimin nods in understanding, not pressing any more. It has been on Jeongguk's mind a lot ever since he arranged to meet up with Junghyun. Isn't that what couples normally do - get excited to introduce their partner to their friends

and family, want to show everyone how wonderful they are? Jeongguk imagines it sometimes, what it would be like to introduce Yoongi to Junghyun as not just another member but as his boyfriend. What it would be like to introduce him to his parents. Something deep inside of him wants to. He's so close to his family and he wants them to see how great Yoongi is, how he makes Jeongguk happy. But how can he? They don't even know he's gay. He hopes they would be supportive but something about telling them terrifies him; what if they weren't? God, Jeongguk's not sure if he could take it.

"Do you ever feel jealous? You know, of regular couples," Jeongguk asks quietly.

He surprises himself by asking the question and it seems to take Jimin aback slightly too. It's maybe phrased a bit oddly but he hopes that Jimin gets what he means. The freedom that straight couples have seems like a dream and it irrationally irritates him that they just take such a thing for granted. Jimin sighs and nods.

"Yes," he admits. "But it's weird. It was almost a relief for me really when we debuted. Idols don't have relationships. I actually have an excuse nowadays as to why I don't have a girlfriend." He laughs but it's a little sad. "You're right though. I wish things were easier. For all of us."

Jeongguk smiles at him, also a bit sad. He supposes Jimin's got a point – if he were living back in Busan, there would probably be endless questions about getting himself a girlfriend. At least he won't have to deal with any of that for a while yet. It doesn't necessarily make dealing with the present any easier though. He shrugs his shoulders, trying to cast off some of the negativity that's quickly settled over the room. He's happy with Yoongi and Jimin's happy with Taehyung – that's all that matters right now.

"Anyway, I just came in to see if you'd borrowed any of my rings, they're not where I left them," Jeongguk asks.

"Oh yeah, sorry," Jimin smiles guiltily.

He leans over to his bedside cabinet, opening the drawer and taking out a couple of silver rings, handing them to Jeongguk. The action makes Taehyung stir, his eyes opening blearily. He takes a few moments once he registers Jeongguk's face to work out what's going on. He blinks a couple of times before a sleepy but undoubtedly mischievous grin passes over his face.

“Hi Kook,” he says. “Everything okay baby?”

Jeongguk chokes on his planned greeting, promptly dropping the rings onto the floor and Jimin’s head instantly swivels round to look at Taehyung, face furious.

“What the fuck, Tae?” Jeongguk exclaims as he gathers up his rings, slotting them safely onto his fingers.

Taehyung laughs wickedly. “Oh, is that nickname just for Yoongi-hyung to use?” he grins in mock naivety.

“It’s just a fucking name, no need to make it a big deal,” Jeongguk says as dismissively as he can manage, though his bright red face probably gives away his bashfulness.

“Can someone explain what’s going on?” Jimin sighs irritably, clearly still not quite over Taehyung using that name on Jeongguk.

“Ah, we just caught hyung being disgustingly cute with Kookie the other morning,” Taehyung explains with a smile, eyes sparkling. “Pet names and everything.”

“Oh yeah, I’ve heard it before,” Jimin says nonchalantly like its no major revelation.

“How?” both Taehyung and Jimin ask in near unison.

“Overheard it,” Jimin shrugs. “To be fair Tae, the other day you called me your sweet ball of sunshine so-"

Jimin is abruptly cut off by Taehyung covering his mouth with his hands, stemming the flow of words. Taehyung’s face is now one of utter embarrassment and it’s Jeongguk’s turn to grin.

“Thank you both, this has been very informative,” he says as he stands up to leave, storing away *that* crucial piece of information for another day. He gives them a wave goodbye as he dashes out of the room, leaving the pair of them to it.

“Have fun!” he hears Jimin yell, muffled by Taehyung's hands, as he closes the door behind him.

The grin stays on his face as he heads downstairs, checking his watch to make sure that he hasn’t missed his taxi. He goes to wait in the lounge, grin getting wider when he sees Yoongi standing in there,

peering at something intently on his phone. He glances up at the sound of someone walking in, smiling sweetly when he sees it's Jeongguk. Jeongguk walks over to him, Yoongi tucking his phone into his back pocket as he does so.

Yoongi's eyes shimmer warmly and his teeth show as he smiles, looking for all the world like Jeongguk's the best thing he's seen despite the fact that they only saw each other a few hours ago. Jeongguk's arms slide around his waist and Yoongi's slot around his shoulders and it's all so instinctive and natural that it hits Jeongguk not for the first time just how fucking in love with Yoongi he is.

They don't say anything in greeting, simply choosing to press their lips together instead. Yoongi soon tilts his head to the side to deepen the kiss, tongue seeking out Jeongguk's in a soft, languid slide against each other. Jeongguk seriously never gets bored of this. When they pull apart their lips meet again in a few chaste kisses before Yoongi eventually speaks.

"Looking forward to this evening?" he asks.

"Yeah, it'll be fun to catch up," Jeongguk tells him.

Yoongi nods and smiles and Jeongguk just kind of wants to grab him by the hand and pull him along with him when he hears the taxi beep outside. He doesn't though of course.

"Enjoy," Yoongi says, giving Jeongguk one last quick peck before letting him go. "Say hi from me."

"I will."

When he gets to the restaurant it's busy and Jeongguk tries his hardest to ignore the stares that inevitably follow his movements. He's had years to get used to it but he still finds it odd that people can be so fascinated by his presence, as though he's some sort of alien creature rather than a regular guy. He supposes he would have been the same if he ever randomly encountered G-Dragon on the street though growing up. Hell, he would still probably freak out. But that's *G-Dragon*, come on. Why he, Jeon Jeongguk, should get the same level of interest is frankly quite baffling.

He notes his brother's name to the server when he walks in and they start leading him over to the table. It's kind of pointless though given that Junghyun is already standing up and waving wildly. Jeongguk

thanks the waiter and scurries over, flinging his arms around the other. They both laugh in excitement at seeing each other after so many months and when they both sit down at the table there's big smiles on their faces.

"It's really good to see you, hyung," Jeongguk tells him honestly

"You too," Junghyun smiles back. "Though I feel I've seen you everywhere lately anyway. You guys have been doing so well."

Jeongguk waves his hand dismissively but he lets the warmth of the praise settle in him. His brother has always been so supportive of Bangtan and he knows the other members appreciate it too. They all love the pictures he draws of the group and every time he's met the others after concerts they've always welcomed him eagerly.

They soon settle into easy conversation as though they've not been apart. Jeongguk hears all about the family back home. Updates on Junghyun himself, on their parents, and the wider family too. One of their cousins is getting married and is getting annoyed because her bridesmaids seem more interested in whether Jeongguk will be attending the wedding than the wedding itself. Jeongguk flushes at this and instantly feels bad for his cousin, especially as he already knows that he's not able to attend the ceremony due to his schedule.

Jeongguk updates Junghyun on the last few months, so much to cram in that he worries that he must be starting to bore him. Junghyun listens attentively the whole time though, asking questions and seeming genuinely thrilled by the update. He even manages not to seem too bothered by the intrigued looks constantly being thrown over in the direction of their table from other diners and people trying as sneakily as possible to snap photos on their phone.

The time flies by far too quickly and before Jeongguk knows it the restaurant is slowly emptying out and when he glances down at his watch he's surprised to find that it's already 11pm. He feels like he doesn't quite want to say goodbye yet and from the way Junghyun's mouth turns down at the corners when the cheque arrives it seems the feeling is mutual.

"So, I'm staying at a hotel not too far from here," he says. "Don't suppose you feel like hanging out there for a bit longer?"

"Sounds great," Jeongguk smiles.

Once they're in the hotel Jeongguk immediately flings himself onto

the bed before being shoved off by Junghyun and made to sit on the much more uncomfortable chair. He does so with much complaining, though the grumbling quietens when Junghyun hands him a beer from the mini bar.

“I’m treating you to a beer – at mini bar prices no less,” he tells Jeongguk. “Less moaning.”

Jeongguk grins and complies, clinking his can against Junghyun’s before taking a particularly large gulp. Junghyun just shakes his head.

“I still find it weird to see you drinking,” he laughs.

“Yeah, Seokjin-hyung said the same thing the other day,” Jeongguk replies, remembering Seokjin’s awkward acceptance of him and Yoongi last month.

“Oh, I saw him on that jungle show a while ago,” Junghyun grins. “He did better than I expected. Though I think Eunji has a bit of a crush on him, so obviously I think he was awful.”

Jeongguk chuckles. “How are things going with you and Eunji?”

“Really well thanks,” Junghyun says. “She’s just- well, she’s incredible. I’ve never met anyone like her.”

He gets a kind of misty, far off look in his eyes as he talks that makes Jeongguk all kinds of nauseous. God, he hopes he doesn’t look like that when he talks about Yoongi. How embarrassing.

Junghyun gets out his phone and starts scrolling through. He picks a couple of select photos to show Jeongguk, all of them terribly cheesy and coupley but somehow Junghyun’s so happy about them all that Jeongguk loses the urge to tease him. He feels rather mature when he realises the fact. Jeongguk nods and looks interested in the photos even though their faces don’t change much in them. He has to admit, Eunji is certainly pretty and from what he’s heard she seems very lovely too.

“I’m really happy for you,” Jeongguk tells him and Junghyun blushes, actually fucking blushes, and for a moment Jeongguk worries that his brother has been replaced by some sort of clone.

“Anyway, enough about me,” Junghyun says, obviously feeling embarrassed by how much he’s been gushing about his relationship. “Is there anyone you’re interested in right now?"

Jeongguk shrugs and looks down. He's been dreading this sort of conversation coming up. It's one thing not to mention Yoongi but to lie about it like he did on the phone the other day, shit, it just feels wrong. He chooses to say nothing at all. Junghyun sighs at his silence but Jeongguk's glad that he's always been unemotional enough that it doesn't look odd.

"Not really."

"So no girlfriend?" Junghyun presses.

"Nope."

There's a pause that seems to drag on longer than necessary and Jeongguk takes an equally long sip of his beer. Junghyun clears his throat a little.

"No, um, boyfriend?"

Jeongguk's head snaps up at his remark. Did he hear him right? He must be messing around. But when he looks at Junghyun there's no teasing expressiom on his face, only one of discomfort from the topic - yet also filled with genuine curiosity. He looks kind of awkward at bringing it up but there's only kindness behind it, Jeongguk can tell that.

"W-why would you ask that?" Jeongguk replies, flustered. Junghyun's face immediately contorts into one of panic at thinking he's said the wrong thing.

"Sorry, sorry, I didn't meant to offend you," Junghyun tells him quickly. "I just- I just wondered but- forget it. Please"

He waves his hands in front of his face as though the action will somehow erase the words from hanging in the air like they currently are. Jeongguk feels a little in shock. Was his brother just suggesting that he thought Jeongguk liked guys? The idea seems crazy to him. They've never discussed anything like that before.

"No it's- it's okay," Jeongguk assures him. He swallows thickly. Should he say something? Junghyun hadn't sounded accusatory or angry when he asked. Jeongguk takes a deep, slow breath. "Why did you ask?"

He tries to keep his voice calm and soft, trying to make it clear that he's not mad at Junghyun for asking. Junghyun looks at him and

Jeongguk finds it strange to see his brother looking so shy all of a sudden.

“Okay, please don’t be mad but- I just sometimes wondered if you might-“ He pauses, seemingly trying to figure out if he’s doing the right thing. He sighs gently before continuing. “If you might not be into girls. Sorry if I got it wrong, I didn’t mean-”

“You’ve not got it wrong,” Jeongguk says quickly, cutting him off.

Both of them sit there in silence. Jeongguk can’t quite believe he’s just said what he has. He sensed the opportunity and took it before his mind had a chance to convince him otherwise. Jeongguk can’t quite read the expression on Junghyun’s face. He looks surprised but also kind of- happy? Jeongguk tries not to get his hopes up too much, but he can’t fail to when Junghyun’s face splits into a wide smile.

“Cool,” he grins and for some reason Jeongguk finds himself grinning too and seriously, what the fuck has just happened?

“You’re okay with it?” Jeongguk asks in disbelief. This causes a frown to crease Junghyun’s forehead.

“Of course I am,” Junghyun tells him. “I kind of always wondered but I never wanted to ask. I thought you’d come to me if you ever wanted to talk about it and you seem happy enough so…”

He trails off, shrugging lightly. Jeongguk is utterly dumbfounded. He can’t believe this is really happening.

“How did you know?” Jeongguk asks, still stunned. He’s happy but also somewhat worried – if it’s that obvious might management realise at some point? Their fans?

“Just a feeling a guess. Come on, you’re my little brother. If anyone was to realise it should be me,” he smiles sincerely. He purses his lips together a moment. “Well that, and I don’t think I’ve *ever* heard you mention a girl other than a family member. But when you were a trainee, oh god, the amount of phone calls when I had to listen to you talk about the other guys there: *‘you should see his dancing, hyung!’, ‘oh my god this guy has the funniest jokes!’, ‘hyung, he’s just SO awesome!'*

The last phrases are uttered in a high pitched voice that Jeongguk’s pretty sure is meant to be an imitation of his younger self. Jeongguk covers his face with his hand and kicks out, his foot colliding with Junghyun’s shin.

“Shut up, I did not talk like that!” Jeongguk protests but he’s laughing at the same time.

“Yes you did, and your poor hyung had to suffer through it all," Junghyun retorts, laughing too. “Some sympathy please.”

Jeongguk takes his hand away from his face and looks over at Junghyun. He’s smiling but he’s looking at Jeongguk so kindly, so affectionately, and Jeongguk feels so happy that he knows, that apparently he’s *always* known yet it doesn’t matter to him. Jeongguk feels almost bad now at ever thinking that he would be anything but understanding about it. His thoughts suddenly drift to his parents – have they figured it all out too?

“What about mom and dad?” he asks, laughter dying down slightly. “Do they know?”

Junghyun sighs and shrugs. “Honestly I don’t know. It’s not something we’ve ever discussed,” Junghyun tells him. “But I kind of feel like if you ever decide to tell them- well, they’ll probably take it better than you think.”

Jeongguk swallows and nods. One step at a time. At least Junghyun now knows and it means more to him than he ever thought it would. Junghyun seems to get that this confession has been enough and doesn’t mention anything more about their parents. He lets the silence settle a little longer before asking one more thing.

“So,” he begins tentatively. “Is there a boyfriend then?”

Jeongguk hesitates. Should he tell him about Yoongi? Sure, they’ve told the other members but they’ve never discussed sharing it with other people. And what might Junghyun think? Jeongguk remembers Seokjin’s reaction, protective of him because he viewed Jeongguk as his little brother. Would Junghyun get angry too; would he be mad at Yoongi, try to tell them to call it off?

“Yes,” Jeongguk tells him quietly.

Junghyun exhales lowly, as though expecting the answer but remaining surprised by it all the same. “Is it another idol?” he asks.

Jeongguk’s heart hammers in his chest. Should he tell him? He doesn’t want to upset Yoongi but surely he would be okay with it. At least he hopes he would be. Junghyun’s not going to out them or anything.

Sure, he might get angry but Junghyun's still his brother and would never take things that far.

"Yes," Jeongguk repeats. "It's um- actually it's one of the other members."

There. He's said it, it's out there. He sees Junghyun's eyes widen in surprise. Jeongguk suddenly feels incredibly on edge. As much as he loves Junghyun and he's family, this somehow feels a lot scarier than telling the other members. As though taking the knowledge of their relationship outside of the group dynamic is a much bigger step. He supposes it is, really.

"I see," Junghyun nods.

Jeongguk can tell that he's dying to ask who exactly it is but he respectfully doesn't push any further. It means a great deal to Jeongguk that he's letting him tell only what he wants to and at his own pace.

"I don't want to say who exactly. I've not spoken with them about telling other people and- I just want to know they'd be okay with it," Jeongguk explains.

"Of course, of course," Junghyun nods reassuringly. "You can tell me when you're ready. Just- thank you for telling me this much though. I'm happy as long as you're happy."

It's said as a statement but there's a question in there too and Jeongguk can't help but smile like he does every time he thinks of him and Yoongi. God, maybe he *does* do the embarrassing misty eyed, far off look.

"I'm really happy," Jeongguk tells him and Junghyun looks so pleased that it makes Jeongguk immensely glad of having such a wonderful brother. Not that he'd ever tell him that of course.

They both just smile at each other for a while before they both laugh again from the weirdness.

"Okay, enough of this sappy shit," Junghyun grins. "Another beer?"

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By the time Jeongguk's closing the front door behind him back at the house it's the early hours of the morning but all exhaustion has

evaporated. He feels amazingly happy and he can't quite stop himself from smiling. He notices a lamp on in the lounge and wanders over to the room to turn it off, someone probably having forgotten to switch it off. It's a very pleasant surprise when he sees Yoongi sitting on the couch, laptop perched on his thighs as he types. He looks up at the sound of Jeongguk entering and smiles. Maybe it's the beers or the happiness from talking with Junghyun or maybe it's just Yoongi being so wonderfully *Yoongi* but Jeongguk just *feels* so much for him right now that he doesn't even know what to do with himself.

"Hey, how was it?" he asks, closing down his laptop screen and placing it on the floor.

He pats the couch next to him and Jeongguk willingly comes over, sitting down next to him. Their lips meet in a quick kiss to say hello and the small action still gives Jeongguk butterflies. Yoongi drapes his arm around Jeongguk's shoulders and Jeongguk curls into him, resting his head against Yoongi.

"Really nice thanks," Jeongguk tells him. "It was so good to see him."

"I'm glad," Yoongi replies, and although Jeongguk can't see him he can hear that Yoongi's smiling. "Any exciting updates?"

"Not really," Jeongguk says. "He's got this girlfriend he's obsessed over but I guess it's kind of sweet."

Yoongi chuckles and presses a kiss into Jeongguk's hair. It's so light that Jeongguk can barely feel it but it still makes him sigh happily. He waits a few moments and when Yoongi doesn't say anything more Jeongguk decides to take the plunge and tell him about his conversation with Junghyun.

"So, I, uh, kind of told him about us," Jeongguk says hesitantly.

He feels Yoongi tense up immediately. Shit, maybe Yoongi's not as okay with it as he thought that he might be. He quickly explains. "I mean, I didn't say it was you, just one of the members."

"Oh," Yoongi says quietly. There's a long pause. "Why didn't you want to tell him it was me?"

Jeongguk sits up straight at Yoongi's comment. His arm falls from around Jeongguk's shoulders to rest in his lap instead, playing absently with Jeongguk's fingers. Jeongguk looks down, mesmerised as their fingers lace together.

“Well, we’ve never spoken about it,” Jeongguk tells him. “I didn’t know if you’d want me to tell other people.”

Yoongi nods at this and squeezes Jeongguk’s hand. “I appreciate you checking,” he says. “It means a lot. But I don’t mind him knowing. He’s your brother after all and if you want to tell him, that’s your decision and I won’t stop you.”

Jeongguk turns his head to the side to look at Yoongi who’s smiling at him so fondly. Jeongguk leans in and brings their lips together in a gentle touch.

“Thank you,” Jeongguk says, almost a whisper. Yoongi just smiles back at him. Jeongguk wets his lips. Yoongi seems in a good mood so he takes the chance to press him a little. “Does your family know?”

Yoongi blinks a few times and looks down. “About us?”

“Yeah.”

Yoongi sighs and shakes his head. “No,” he says quietly. “They don’t know I like guys so-“

“I see,” Jeongguk says.

A strangely uncomfortable silence settles over the two of them. Some part of Jeongguk knows he should probably leave things there. He can’t exactly judge Yoongi for it; he’s only come out to his brother today, and only really because of Junghyun’s own prompting. He’s still not sure when he will tell his own parents.

“*Will* you tell them?”

Yoongi tips his head back against the couch cushion and exhales sharply. He looks up the ceiling before swallowing thickly.

“I don’t know. Maybe.”

It’s not said dismissively; Jeongguk can tell it’s a genuine answer but the uncertainty is clear in his voice. It hits Jeongguk a lot harder than he expected to hear Yoongi’s answer. Although it still seems far off he has imagined at some point telling his family about Yoongi; maybe after they’ve quit being idols and try for something of a normal life. From how Yoongi’s talking, he’s not sure that Yoongi’s ever once contemplated doing such a thing.

“Maybe,” Jeongguk repeats.

“Look, Kook, I’m really happy that you’ve told Junghyun. And if you want to tell your parents too, I’m okay with it, honestly,” Yoongi says. “But what I choose to tell my own family is up to me. And I’m sorry but I won’t be telling them about us.”

Jeongguk’s brow furrows and he moves away a little from Yoongi. His words aren’t said harshly but there’s a definite finality to them. And Jeongguk hates it but he feels the backs of his eyes prickling and his face heating up.

“So what, you’re just never going to tell them?” Jeongguk pushes.

“Jesus, Kook, can we not have this conversation right now,” Yoongi sighs and something about it riles Jeongguk up. Does he not understand the implications of what he’s saying?

“No, we *will* have it right now,” Jeongguk snaps back and he sees the way that Yoongi’s eyes narrow slightly at his response. It’s a tough balance sometimes. Yoongi treats him like an equal and Jeongguk hasn’t failed to notice how much Yoongi lets the honorifics slide now too, but Jeongguk pushing back like this still clearly surprises him.

“It’s my family, it’s for me to decide this,” Yoongi replies, trying to keep his voice calm.

“And what happens when they start trying to get you to settle down, get a wife?”

“They think I’m too busy for that right now-"

“No, I mean after all of this,” Jeongguk replies and it seems to stun Yoongi into silence that Jeongguk’s actually thought that far ahead. “Or are you going to finish with me when this all ends?"

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Yoongi says lowly. “You know I wouldn’t do anything like that.”

“So what, you’ll just keep on hiding me?”

“It's not as easy as just telling them” Yoongi says. “You *know* long it took for them to accept me doing music. They’re incredibly traditional and- shit, I don’t know how long it would take for them to accept this. I’ve only just got their support back, I don’t want to lose it again.”

“I’m sure they’d come round,” Jeongguk tells him heatedly.

“You don’t know that. No one can know that,” Yoongi snaps. “I can’t risk losing them again.”

“So it doesn’t matter how it makes me feel?” Jeongguk asks.

He doesn’t really know why he’s so insistent on this. Maybe it’s the fact that the happiness of Junghyun’s acceptance has just been brought crashing back down by the reality of their situation and it’s somewhat overwhelming. He’s always known of course how things are but he had thought that Yoongi might at least want to share this with his family at some point in the future.

“I don’t get where this is coming from all of a sudden,” Yoongi says, incredulous but also seeming somewhat panicked by Jeongguk’s comment. “We both know how this has to be. At least I thought we did.”

“I do know, of course,” Jeongguk replies, trying to keep his voice from raising too loud in the quiet house. “I know that we can never be entirely open but I thought you’d want your family to know. I thought I meant something to you.”

“Of course you fucking do,” Yoongi tells him, his voice cracking slightly.

“It doesn’t seem like that,” Jeongguk retorts and he knows he’s being petulant but he can’t help it. It’s something he’s always known but the thought of how they will have to live their lives so secretly for so many years is suddenly hitting him harder than ever. It’s almost like Yoongi’s an easy target to blame, unfair as that may be.

“Kook, there’s going to be a whole load of people in our lives that we’re never going to be able to tell. Two more won’t make a difference,” Yoongi explains.

“But this is your *family*, you should *want* to tell them, even if it’s difficult."

“Of course I want to. But we have to be realistic about things. The jobs we have and the society we’re in,” Yoongi says, his voice getting even more scratchy. “There’s going to be a ton of people who will struggle to accept us and unfortunately I have to count my parents in that."

"And you're okay with that?" Jeongguk demands.

"Obviously I'm not, but I have to deal with it," Yoongi answers, an obvious heat in his voice. "I might be older but it doesn't mean it hurts any less to realise these things. To know that I have to hide being with the person I love just because they happen to be a guy. It fucking kills me sometimes. But I thought what we have made knowing that worth it. If you want to end things then fine, but I know we can make this work despite all that. It's gonna be tough but we can."

He squeezes Jeongguk's hand tightly and the younger suddenly realises just how much his words have affected Yoongi. He seems genuinely scared that Jeongguk might actually call things off. That's not what Jeongguk's focusing on however. Instead his mind is replaying Yoongi's words.

"The person you love?"

Jeongguk repeats his words like a whisper, as though they're not entirely real and the illusion might shatter if he says them too loudly. Yoongi's eyes go wide as he realises what he's just admitted. Jeongguk's heart thumps wildly in his chest.

Yoongi presses his lips together in a tight line, looking down at his lap and swallowing heavily as though contemplating how to respond.

"Yes," he eventually says. No elaboration or further declarations, a simple confirmation.

Any anger Jeongguk feels seems to melt away. Yes there's a lot of negative stuff the two of them will have to deal with in their futures but he can't concentrate on any of it right now. All he can focus on is Yoongi, Yoongi who *loves* him, and he can't fully believe it. Yoongi seems to take his silence as worrying and his features are etched with nervousness.

"Sorry, please don't freak out, I know-"

What he knows Jeongguk never gets a chance to find out because he can't stop himself from leaning in and capturing Yoongi's lips with his own. Yoongi lets out a tiny muffled noise of surprise. He soon gathers himself though, opening up to let Jeongguk's tongue slip inside when the younger licks gently at his lips. Jeongguk feels like he's drowning in the kiss and he loves it, he loves *Yoongi*, and shit, he realises that he never actually said it.

He pulls back a little and Yoongi looks at him so hopefully. He seems stunned but wonderfully happy and his eyes shine with such emotion,

with *love*, and it makes Jeongguk feel breathless from how much he aches for the elder. He always thought that it might be hard to actually get the words out but he finds that now it comes to it they flow easily.

"I love you, Yoongi."

His words are breathed quietly against Yoongi's lips but Jeongguk's sure he's heard from the huge smile that spreads across his face. Yoongi lets out a short, amazed huff of laughter.

"Fuck. I love you too," he says softly and actually hearing it put out there like that feels surreal and incredible. God, Jeongguk just can't stop smiling.

They kiss again, just as deeply as before, trying to express what their words don't quite manage to fully convey. Yoongi's hand cradles Jeongguk's jaw, the other still gripping his hand as though letting go will somehow break the moment. Jeongguk leans into him as much as possible, wrapping himself around Yoongi until they're a tangle of limbs on the couch. They kiss so tenderly, so thoroughly, committing everything about this to memory because Jeongguk barely feels like he's able to process it properly right now.

When they finally break apart Jeongguk feels distinctly dizzy, too much emotion building up inside of him. They both laugh, light and a little shy around each other after their admissions. Yoongi smiles at him and there's something so pure about it that it makes Jeongguk's breath catch. It's full of love, nothing else, and Jeongguk can't quite take it all in. His eyes meet Yoongi's, still shining with warmth and affection and-

"Oh god, you're not going to cry are you?" Jeongguk exclaims, his comment coming out a lot more accusatory than intended.

"You think far too highly of yourself," Yoongi tells him dismissively, though Jeongguk notes that it isn't really answering the question.

Jeongguk drops it though because although Yoongi's eyes may be watery he's not *actually* crying, and Jeongguk doesn't want to draw attention to the fact that the damn prickling is back in his own eyes again. Like hell is *he* going to be the one to start shedding tears.

Jeongguk tightens his arms around Yoongi and manages to manoeuvre him onto his lap in one swift motion, the small show of strength somehow meant to negate the wateriness of his eyes right now. He's

sure Yoongi sees right through it but he doesn't comment, just loops his arms around Jeongguk's shoulders and nudges his nose into the crook of his neck.

"I'm sorry about the stuff before," Yoongi eventually says, voice low and quiet against Jeongguk's neck. "I wish I could not care about the consequences and just tell them, but I can't."

Yoongi sits up straight so that he's facing Jeongguk, lifting his fingers up to brush the hair back from his eyes. He gives Jeongguk a look of such sincerity that the younger doesn't doubt the genuine feeling behind his words,

"Please don't think that it has anything to do with how strong my feelings are for you."

Yoongi's fingers drop down to trace along the curve of Jeongguk's jawline, his thumb brushing tenderly over his cheek. The shy, embarrassed smiles have gone as Yoongi looks at Jeongguk so intently. The way Yoongi's eyes travel over his face, as though drinking in every minute detail of Jeongguk's features, sends a shiver of pure need through Jeongguk setting every single nerve in his body alight.

Yoongi keeps watching and Jeongguk watches right back, absorbing everything about the sight of Yoongi, of his boyfriend. The way that there's a slight tint of pink on his usually pale cheeks from the excitement of before and perhaps from the intensity of this moment right now. The way his lips are parted ever so slightly, looking as irresistibly soft as Jeongguk knows that they feel. His hair is a little messy from the day but it still looks good, falling across Yoongi's forehead.

Yoongi's fingers move a little, Yoongi's thumb catching on Jeongguk's lower lip. Jeongguk presses a gentle kiss to the pad. Jeongguk's own hands rub smoothly against the small of Yoongi's back, tugging him closer so that their chests are pressed together. Jeongguk tilts his head up and captures Yoongi's mouth in a slow, searching kiss, their tongues sliding together in a way that makes Jeongguk's head spin.

He feels Yoongi's hands make their way into his hair, tangling themselves in the strands as their kiss becomes inexplicably deeper. It's slow but the passion is clear, the pair of them kissing as though it's a taste they'll never experience again. But it's the complete opposite; Jeongguk knows that they're only at the beginning still, really, and the

thought of how much time they may have stretched out ahead of them fills Jeongguk with a deep-seated warmth that can't be found from a touch alone.

Jeongguk pushes his hands further underneath Yoongi's shirt, fingertips trailing along the curve of his spine. Yoongi leans even more into the kiss, bodies wrapped completely around each other as they continue their slow and deliberate exploration of each other's mouths. One of Yoongi's hands strokes at the nape of Jeongguk's neck whilst the hand in his hair tilts his head a little more.

"God, Yoongi," Jeongguk whispers against his lips when they eventually break apart, and his voice sounds odd, strained, as though he's not sure if he wants to cry or kiss or smile, the feelings swirling inside of him verging on too much. Yoongi just kisses him again, sucking lightly on his lower lip before licking sensually into the heat of Jeongguk's mouth once more.

Jeongguk can feel Yoongi's skin beneath his fingers, smooth and warm and just *there* for Jeongguk to explore. He gets lost in the kiss a while longer before taking hold of the hem of Yoongi's t shirt, breaking the kiss to carefully pull it off of him and let it drop to the floor. Jeongguk knows that they probably shouldn't be doing this; as much as the other members may accept them now, he's sure they'd be none too pleased to see him and Yoongi half naked on the couch. He can't bring himself to think too rationally at this moment however. He just overwhelmingly *needs* Yoongi right now and from the way Yoongi's undoing the buttons on his own shirt Jeongguk's willing to bet he's feeling the same way.

Jeongguk runs his hands over Yoongi's body, feeling the hardness of his chest, the slight softness of his stomach. He takes in the dip of his collarbones and the way his hands can hold onto his slim waist so easily. Yoongi's head bends forward to mouth at the spot below Jeongguk's ear, making him lose focus a little. He makes up for it by using his hands to get Yoongi to grind down subtly into his lap.

When Yoongi leans back he's got his lower lip caught by his front teeth, a quiet whimper staying stuck in his throat. He undoes the final button on Jeongguk's shirt and he slides the material down his arms, letting it crumple onto the couch once he's removed it. Yoongi leans in, pressing the heated skin of their chests together. Jeongguk pulls him impossibly closer.

"Want you, Kook," Yoongi whispers against the shell of Jeongguk's ear.

"So much."

"Fuck," Jeongguk murmurs, not needing to say anything more because he knows Yoongi understands just strongly he feels the same.

Jeongguk tries to switch their positions as carefully as he can, Yoongi ending up sitting on the couch this time and Jeongguk clambering into his lap. Yoongi's hands run over his hips, over his thighs, almost reverent in their touch.

Jeongguk kisses him again, lips tingling already from the intensity of their kisses but it doesn't stop him from continuing, needing more of that warm, wet heat against his tongue. He hears the clack of metal as Yoongi's fingers fumble with his belt, taking longer then usual to undo it and slide it from the loops, finally casting it to the floor.

Yoongi's hands slide round to the back pockets of Jeongguk's jeans, slipping into them and shifting Jeongguk towards him even more. His hands squeeze firmly and Jeongguk leaves out his usual wisecracks about Yoongi being obsessed with his ass. Instead he just presses further into the elder, his own hands trailing over Yoongi's upper arms.

They just stay like that for a long time, sinking more and more into the slow, deep slide of their tongues together, the kiss making Jeongguk's entire body thrum with desire, the heat of it trickling into every inch of him.

"Want to feel you," Jeongguk murmurs against his lips when they finally pull away from the kiss enough to speak.

He knows that he can't feel Yoongi in the way he wants right now; there's no way in hell he's breaking this moment to go upstairs and get the necessary stuff. But he just needs something, the kissing and touching and everything about this moment getting him hugely worked up.

"Fuck, baby, me too," Yoongi sighs into his mouth, tongue delving inside one more time before pulling away properly.

Jeongguk stands up, surprised a little by the obvious shakiness of his limbs as he does so. He pushes his jeans down his legs, stepping out of them and moving to kneel back on the couch. He's stopped however when Yoongi shifts forward, knees bracketing Jeongguk's calves, hands resting on his hips.

His head dips forward and Jeongguk bites down on his lower lip in anticipation. Yoongi's mouth presses to the front of his underwear, travelling along the outline where Jeongguk's cock is clearly straining against the fabric.

"Yes," Jeongguk gasps softly, head tipping back while his hands find purchase on Yoongi's shoulders. It's not as much as he wants but it's enough.

Yoongi tucks two fingers under the waistband on either side, carefully taking down his underwear. His cock bobs free and Yoongi lets out a quiet whimper at the sight. The sound makes Jeongguk's stomach clench, tightening in arousal.

Yoongi leans in, his mouth wrapping around Jeongguk's length, and it's utter bliss as he envelops Jeongguk in the heat of his mouth. Jeongguk groans at the sensation, trying his best to keep it as quiet as possible. One of his hands raises to card into Yoongi's hair, not grabbing but simply resting there as Yoongi sets up a slow, slick rhythm for his mouth.

Jeongguk tries to watch but the view of Yoongi with his lips around Jeongguk is almost too much. He watches for as long as can, enjoying the way that Yoongi's lips slide so easily down on him, but the sight combined with the way Yoongi's using his tongue makes Jeongguk close his eyes, the waves of pleasure he's producing causing Jeongguk to lose any focus he has.

"Oh *god,*" Jeongguk moans, his fingers tightening ever so slightly around the strands of Yoongi's hair.

Yoongi's hands leaves Jeongguk's hips, his mouth slowing a little on Jeongguk. He hears soon hears a quiet click. It draws his attention and he looks down, surprised to see a small bottle of lube being opened by Yoongi's eager fingers. He has absolutely no idea why Yoongi's carrying that around. His expression must reflect his confusion as Yoongi hesitates once his fingers are slicked up and he catches Jeongguk's gaze.

"Oh," he says. "We don't have to if you don't-"

"Fuck, no, I want to," Jeongguk pants out quickly, leaving any questions for later.

Yoongi's lips pull into a smile, clearly relieved that Jeongguk does indeed want to do this too. It's pretty fucking risky having sex right

here but Jeongguk can't bring himself to care too much about it. He just wants Yoongi, needs him, and this new development makes Jeongguk ache deeply, knowing that he'll soon feel Yoongi exactly how he wants to.

Yoongi's mouth returns to his cock, working his length with the smooth, wet glide of his lips. It feels amazing and when Jeongguk feels the first tentative press of Yoongi's finger against him he's in awe that his legs don't actually buckle beneath him. Yoongi's tongue swirls around the head as his finger pushes fully inside and god, he doesn't know where he's meant to be focusing. He just lets the sensations build incessantly, caught between the two but loving every second.

By the time Yoongi's working him with two fingers there's the faintest tremble in his thighs and when Yoongi's fingertips brush against his prostate his legs are visibly shaking from the immense pleasure he's experiencing. Yoongi pulls back as his fingers press harder against that spot deep inside, obviously anticipating the way that Jeongguk's hips buck forward. He mouths at Jeongguk's inner thigh instead, sucking lightly at the sensitive skin, and it's a spot that Jeongguk hadn't realised until recently that he liked so much.

"Yoongi, I need to-" Jeongguk says quietly and Yoongi gets that he needs to come back on the couch, his legs not likely to support him much longer.

Yoongi shifts back to settle against the cushions, Jeongguk climbing back over his lap. He kneels up so that Yoongi's fingers can continue to stretch him. Yoongi works him expertly, circling against his prostate until Jeongguk's gasping. He rubs up against Yoongi's chest, making him sticky with precome but he doesn't seem to mind. Yoongi leans up, kissing along Jeongguk's collarbone as he adds his final finger.

Jeongguk's vaguely aware that Yoongi's getting none of the attention and he feels like he should be doing more, but he can't find it in himself to focus on anything other than the way Yoongi grazes just right so deep inside of him. He goes slow and thorough, making sure like always that Jeongguk is properly ready for him. It feels so good, the way Yoongi's fingers tease and stretch, but he needs more. He reaches round, holding onto Yoongi's wrist.

"Please, Yoongi," he near enough whimpers, overcome by his need for the elder.

Yoongi doesn't protest, removing his fingers and pressing one more kiss to Jeongguk's chest. Jeongguk's hands drop down, grabbing hold of the waist of Yoongi's sweatpants. He can see Yoongi's cock straining beneath them and it makes him shiver in excitement. Yoongi lifts his hips to allow Jeongguk to pull the material down. Jeongguk has to pause a moment when realises that Yoongi's not wearing any underwear. His throat constricts at the sight, Yoongi's cock so hard that it makes Jeongguk wet his lips.

Yoongi takes hold of himself at the base, his other hand settling on Jeongguk's hip. Jeongguk doesn't even bother taking his sweatpants all the way off, just tugs them enough down Yoongi's thighs. Jeongguk positions himself with Yoongi's help, breath hitching as he feels Yoongi start to push inside. Jeongguk braces a hand on his shoulder as he carefully inches down onto him, keeping on going until he's seated fully in his lap.

Jeongguk's not sure if he'll ever get used to it; to how incredible it feels to have Yoongi buried so deep inside of him like this. His breathing is coming out in harsh bursts, Yoongi's sounding equally erratic. Jeongguk leans down, bringing their lips together in a soft kiss that does little to calm them down. It gives him a few moments though, moments that he dearly needs. Jeongguk's heart is racing but he thinks it might not just be related to their activity. He thinks it's from the connection he feels right now, not just in a physical sense but in the way Yoongi's fingers trace tenderly along his arm, the way he looks at Jeongguk like he still can't quite believe this is happening but is so happy that it is.

Jeongguk will never quite understand it. Understand how someone as incredible as Yoongi can look at him in that way, can actually feel like *he* is the lucky one in this relationship. That he would choose to be with Jeongguk despite all the problems that it might cause him. That he could feel so much for Jeongguk that it becomes actual love. He traces his finger along Yoongi's jaw, seeing the way that he leans into the touch. It makes Jeongguk swallow thickly, filled with his own love for the elder, startling in its intensity.

"You okay?" Yoongi asks him gently.

Jeongguk nods, leaning down and kissing him again, not breaking apart this time. Their tongues curl around each other's, seeking out that familiar taste that they both crave. The kiss stutters slightly as Jeongguk starts to move his hips, drawing out a low moan from the pair of them.

“Fuck,” Yoongi breathes out.

His eyes fall closed and he presses his face into the side of Jeongguk’s neck. His other hand moves to settle on Jeongguk’s hip too, starting to aid him in the slow, hard grind he sets up in Yoongi’s lap. Jeongguk has to bite back the loud groan that threatens to fall from his lips, the feeling of Yoongi moving so deeply inside of him just amazing. He holds onto the back of the couch with one hand, the other stroking clumsily through Yoongi’s hair.

“Yoongi,” Jeongguk whimpers, not even caring about how needy he sounds as he does so. “You feel so good.”

Yoongi lets out a low whine at his words, mouth pressing hot and wet against his neck. Jeongguk can feel his fingers tightening their grip on Jeongguk’s hips as he starts to trail his lips across the heated skin, ending up hovering against his ear.

“You’re amazing, Kook,” he whispers. “No one’s ever made me feel like you do."

Jeongguk’s had his fair share of praise throughout his life but nothing ever makes him feel quite as special as when Yoongi compliments him. He shivers very slightly at Yoongi’s words, letting the contentment that it brings wash over him. He knows that this is the sort of stuff that they don’t tend to say much to each other day to day, comments that only slip out in the heat of the moment like this, but it doesn’t make them any less genuine and Jeongguk adores hearing it.

Jeongguk tilts his head down, capturing Yoongi’s lips in another kiss, one full of unmistakeable affection. He rolls his hips down into Yoongi as he does so, the shaky groans it produces being promptly swallowed up by the kiss. Yoongi’s feet plant more firmly onto the floor and he slowly rocks his own hips up into Jeongguk, the deeper sensation catching both of them off guard. The kiss breaks sharply.

“God *yes*, like that,” Jeongguk murmurs.

They find a languid rhythm, Yoongi arching up each time that Jeongguk presses down, and Jeongguk feels like his whole body is on fire, heated up from just how amazingly well Yoongi fucks him. He thinks back to that very first time they had sex, the first time he *ever* had sex. How nervous and insecure he had felt, but none of it mattered with the way Yoongi made him feel.

Jeongguk feels like they are much more equal now and he loves it;

loves that sex with Yoongi is about the connection they have, about making each other feel as good as possible. He still feels inexperienced sometimes, still likes it when Yoongi takes the lead, but it's just different somehow. He trusts Yoongi completely and it lets him bring all his barriers down when they're together like this, and he feels like Yoongi might just do the same with him.

Yoongi's hands hold even tighter, bringing him down more firmly onto his lap, and Jeongguk's jaw goes slack at *how* fucking incredible it feels. It seems to have a similar effect on Yoongi. He groans lowly, his head tipping back against the cushions as his eyes scrunch shut. Jeongguk feels the heat that's spread through his body beginning to pool in the very pit of his stomach, growing with every roll of his hips.

"Yoongi, can you- *fuck*-" He's cut off by the next time he slides down onto Yoongi's cock, the pleasure bursting so intensely through him that he has to gather himself. He takes a long, trembling breath in. "Can you go on top?"

"Yeah, of course," Yoongi replies, his voice sounding utterly wrecked and it just *does* something to Jeongguk to hear it.

Jeongguk lifts up, carefully letting Yoongi slide out of him before moving to lay along the couch, back pressed into the cushions. Yoongi takes his sweatpants off fully then kneels with his legs either side of Jeongguk. He takes a moment before positioning himself properly. His hands run over Jeongguk's chest as he chews on his lip, feeling along his stomach, his sides, trailing along his arms. Yoongi ducks down, his lips pressing to Jeongguk's sternum, then to his shoulder, finally to his lips.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Yoongi whispers against him before kissing Jeongguk with a sweetness that seems almost at odds with the situation they're currently in.

Jeongguk doesn't quite know how to respond, simply crushes his lips against Yoongi's in a blunt expression of how much he appreciates his words. Yoongi runs his hand down Jeongguk's side before curving underneath his thigh, hooking Jeongguk's leg around his waist as he settles over the younger. He shifts himself a little until he's lined up, slowly starting to push inside once more.

Jeongguk's head falls back against the couch, body arching up into Yoongi as he slides in until he's completely buried inside of Jeongguk.

As much as he was enjoying things before, he craves this right now. Yoongi's body pressing down against his own, the weight of Yoongi above him solid and grounding as he moves inside Jeongguk. Jeongguk's arms wrap around around his back, almost clinging on as Yoongi begins to slowly fuck him. Yoongi's lips find his throat, dragging lightly over the exposed skin as Jeongguk lets out a quiet, cracked moan.

Yoongi's breathing is loud and shaky as he rolls his hips, catching noticeably with every deep, deliberate thrust into Jeongguk. Jeongguk feels like he's drowning in the pleasure, unable to stop how it rises more and more from the way Yoongi mouths at his neck, the way Yoongi takes his hand and links their fingers, pressing them into the couch next to Jeongguk's head, the way Yoongi moves in him so perfectly that Jeongguk feels like he could cry.

Yoongi's free hand slips beneath the small of his back, holding his writhing frame in place as he finds precisely the right angle to hit inside Jeongguk where he needs it, driving into him slow and hard.

"Right there, right there," Jeongguk mumbles almost like a mantra, the heat in his stomach pulling tighter and tighter. "God, Yoongi, I'm so close."

"Fuck, Kook," Yoongi pants out, kissing Jeongguk as best he can and leaving the both of them even more breathless.

Jeongguk can feel the ache in his limbs, in his entire body, but it gathers most fully deep inside of him. Yoongi keeps sliding into him, keeps hitting that spot. Jeongguk can feel his muscles twitching, can hear him own breathing speed up. He's so near the edge, and he tries to relax but at the same time focus on that wonderful heat that's growing with every thrust from Yoongi.

"I'm gonna come, oh god, I'm gonna come." he whispers, words almost merging together with how fast they're uttered, voice jumping up in pitch a little.

Yoongi keeps moving, continues to fuck Jeongguk slowly, deeply, as Jeongguk trembles beneath him. The heat tightens then finally snaps inside him, his orgasm spreading through his body thick and heavy with the pleasure it brings. Jeongguk gasps out Yoongi's name as it travels through him, Yoongi keeping hold of him as Jeongguk comes untouched for the second time in his life.

Jeongguk can sense the rumble against his shoulder as Yoongi groans,

the feeling of Jeongguk clenching around him clearly driving him closer too. He keeps rocking into Jeongguk, searching for his own release, and Jeongguk's only vaguely aware of it as he comes down from his orgasm. Jeongguk is aware enough though to know to pay attention to him, wrapping his arms around Yoongi's back and pressing his mouth to Yoongi's neck, latching onto the flushed skin there.

There are only a few more thrusts before a deep groan is pulled from the back of Yoongi's throat, movements speeding up for few brief moments until he stills completely, fingers tightening and face buried into Jeongguk's shoulder as he comes inside of him.

A few seconds pass before Yoongi near enough collapses down onto Jeongguk. Jeongguk keeps his arms around Yoongi's back, holding him close. They're both sweaty and sticky from the mess pressed between the two of them, but Jeongguk honestly doesn't care, just enjoying the closeness. He can feel Yoongi's heart racing above his own and he closes his eyes, letting himself get lost in this for a little while longer. Strands of Yoongi's hair tickle against his cheek.

"I love you, Kook," Yoongi eventually says, voice timid and almost inaudible but Jeongguk hears it, lets it settle inside of him. "So much."

"I love you too," Jeongguk whispers, his words slipping out easily in his hazy state. He knows he's already said it once but he wants to again, wants to enjoy the way they feel on his tongue as he lets Yoongi know just what he means to him.

It's Yoongi who pulls away first, fingers sweeping back Jeongguk's hair from where it clumps on his forehead. He leans up, pressing a kiss there, then to Jeongguk's cheek, before settling down with his cheek pressed against Jeongguk's shoulder. They lay there like that for a long time, waiting until their breathing has settled again and their limbs feel ready to function once more. Even after that they are still a little shaky once they start getting dressed again. Yoongi darts into the kitchen to grab a tea towel that they are most definitely throwing out afterwards, using it to clean themselves off – and some of the couch.

Finally they sit back down, smiling sleepily at each other. Jeongguk had almost forgotten just how late it is, the only thing really that meant that no one accidentally walked in on them just now. Jeongguk drapes his legs over Yoongi's lap, pressing his cheek against the couch cushions. Yoongi rests a hand on his calf, rubbing lightly through the denim of his jeans.

“Can I ask something?”

Yoongi looks over at him and nods, still smiling.

“Why the hell did you have lube in your pocket?”

There’s a moment and then Yoongi bursts into laughter, apparently having completely forgotten about it. He looks a little embarrassed and presses his lips together shyly, but he answers Jeongguk eventually.

“Well you were out late tonight and everyone had gone to bed. I waited up for you to come back-" He sighs then pauses, chuckling a little. “Remember that time we wound Joon and Hobi up about having sex on the kitchen table.”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk replies, prompting Yoongi to continue.

Yoongi flushes red and Jeongguk suddenly gets it. “I just thought it might be fun,” he shrugs. “But then you know, this got all- *emotional* so- yeah, that didn’t happen.”

Jeongguk laughs, Yoongi’s explanation for some reason making him ridiculously happy. “Is that why you had no underwear on?”

“Maybe,” Yoongi admits hesitantly, shifting uncomfortably under Jeongguk’s gaze.

Jeongguk grins. Something about Yoongi making a little plan like that is insanely sweet and hot at the same time. “We could still try it.”

“I’m a little tired right now,” Yoongi tells him teasingly. “We’re not all nineteen you know."

“I mean another time,” Jeongguk laughs, whacking Yoongi lightly on the shoulder.

“Sounds good,” Yoongi grins.

He leans in and kisses Jeongguk, much more light and playful than their other kisses this evening. It doesn’t stop them getting lost in it again though, hands exploring much more lazily this time. Jeongguk doesn’t want to break apart, to head upstairs and go to bed in separate rooms. They’re not exactly about to start sharing a bed with Namjoon or Seokjin in the room too.

“Do you think we could sleep down here tonight?” Jeongguk asks

tentatively, not sure if Yoongi would want an uncomfortable night down here over his bed. Jeongguk knows how much he values his sleep.

“Sure,” he smiles. “Go and grab the blanket though.”

Jeongguk jumps up, walking over to the other couch, taking the blanket folded in the corner. There’s normally one kept in here due to the amount of times the members end up falling asleep on the couches as a result of the long days. He wanders back to their couch, Yoongi already stretching out along it.

“Move,” Jeongguk tells him, watching as Yoongi shifts up to create some room for Jeongguk.

Admittedly it’s going to be something of a squeeze. It’s not too bad though, once Jeongguk’s laying on his back and Yoongi’s draped over him, head nestled into the crook of Jeongguk’s neck. Jeongguk hears him sigh happily and it makes Jeongguk wrap his arms around him, keeping him close beneath the blanket.

“The light’s still on,” Yoongi mumbles, purposefully nudging his face further into Jeongguk’s neck.

“Well you better get up and turn it off,” Jeongguk tells him.

“I’m fine with it on,” Yoongi decides.

“Me too,” Jeongguk replies, equally as stubborn.

They both lie there a while longer, waiting it out to see who cracks first.

“You’re seriously not going to turn it off?” Yoongi eventually asks.

“Fine,” Jeongguk huffs, making a show of standing up and turning it off, making sure to roll Yoongi abruptly off of him in the process. When he comes back to the couch he flops down in the general direction of Yoongi, landing on top of him and squashing him into the couch cushions. Yoongi splutters indignantly, hand reaching round to try to dislodge him. Jeongguk grins and keeps him pinned down.

“Why the fuck do I put up with you?” Yoongi sighs, sounding less than menacing due to how muffled it comes out.

Jeongguk grins wider and shows him some mercy, sliding off to the

side. “Hmm. Because you love me?” Jeongguk teases, finding it easier to do so in the pitch black of the room. He can still feel his cheeks heating up regardless and it takes Yoongi a few moments to reply.

“You know what, I take it all back.”

Jeongguk laughs and goes to kiss him but misses in the darkness, instead making their foreheads bump painfully together.

“Are you trying to kill me?” Yoongi grumbles, his hand searching out Jeongguk’s face while their eyes are still adjusting to the lack of light. Jeongguk feels his fingers find his cheek, cupping it lightly. “I *definitely* take it all back.”

“You don’t mean that,” Jeongguk teases gently.

He feels Yoongi sigh in response, breath fluttering warm against his face. He doesn’t reply, but the next thing Jeongguk feels is the soft press of Yoongi’s lips against his own and it’s all the answer he needs.

End Notes

Well, I know some of you have been waiting for this moment for a while - I hope it didn't disappoint! I really enjoyed writing it :)

Thank you as ever for your kind comments on the last part, it really makes my day reading them. I hope that you enjoyed this part as much :)

As always your comments are always welcomed and truly appreciated <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!